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By

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To the yawns in the sky,
To the cracks in the heart,
To the whirlpools in slumber.

PREFACE.

A few friends suggested that I should translate into English my works in my own language, which happens to be Telugu. I generally write in my own language, making an exception in the case of some addresses, articles or essays.

I like writing in Telugu; it is very sweet and dear to me. That is mostly due to the fact that that being my mother-tongue, I am more conversant with it, in other words, I am less ignorant of its excellence.

I do feel that way, for I think had it not been for circumstances, which are none too ideal, there would have been very little to choose in life. Love of language, like the love of home, country, race or anything else, is a forced taste; circumstances play the tyrant.

In an advanced society, and let me add quickly that such an advanced society definitely

does not exist yet, there will be no great preferences. From the moment one possesses the ability to appreciate the treasures scattered all the world over in different languages, nations, races and schools of thought, one loses his narrow and immature tastes and feelings. The death blow to all silly, sectarian, linguistic, national, racial, religious, political and social feuds will be dealt when people realise that human-beings are just as bad or good the world over, notwithstanding their peculiar traits and that progress or real culture is the outcome of the pooling of the world resources, material or intellectual, for the common good of man. That means one becomes World Conscious!

Knowing that that alone is the path to salvation for the erring and hopelessly failing brutes of humanity, one cannot forget his limits and the limits of the environment. Flights of fancy in the stratosphere are good, for they are refreshing and envigourating. But the feet must firmly be planted in the terrain, perhaps in the

mud, if one were not to lose the moorings and be shut up in the Mad-House.

Therefore hoping for the best that is yet to come, I am in none too great a haste to lose all contact with the present, however much I may feel like kicking it off my feet.

Under these circumstances and limitations one has to naturally choose his own mother-tongue unless he has better mastery over some other language. The mother-tongue, rightly or wrongly, because of ones associations gives one the greatest scope for expression. It is needless to emphasise that expression is the soul of any work. And many times the scribe is at his wits ends because he cannot often express himself in any language, however motherly it may be! Generally one can express only a fraction of what one wants to express. And the proportion is more bewildering when one realises that he is trying to express only a fraction of what he actually feels. And very often one feels only a fraction of what one should feel!

So one has to choose the easiest available medium. The best of a bad bargain!

But when a wider field became the goal, and this field was placed before me by my friends, I decided to have a go at it by translating this particular work of mine into English, knowing what it meant. I may fail; I see the possibility, for often in my dreams I see the realities in all their nakedness!

But that will not matter. There is sometimes joy in movement and attempt is movement irrespective of that lurking monster round the corner, failure.

To add to my difficulties of translating into a language in which I may not be able to express as intensely as I want to, I have to render into prose the stuff that I wrote in my own original and perhaps fantastic rhythm. Rhythm perhaps covers a multitude of sins. And prose exposes them more glaringly.

But one can't have both. One cannot have the comforts of a walk in ones own limited garden

and at the same time traverse large expanses of new soil to offer ones wares to a large clientele.

But one word: even if none were to accept my wares, I still have the satisfaction that the wares I offer have a universal appeal. For even though they are manufactured in the dust of the soil of my country under the light of an Eastern sky, the patterns of the tools with which I mould the raw stuff in me come from all parts of the World —East, West, North and South.

And I add that while essentially living in the present, I love to paddle in the past and stretch my hands in the expanse of the future.

THE DAWN.

It is neither poetry nor prose! Words of Sanskrit and words of Telugu are blended. Old words and combinations are broken and new words and new combinations are formed. In a new symphony old ideas are suppressed and new ones are nurtured. In three words, I tried to show, may be in bits, thirty lights and three hundred flashes of the heart—But I am not satisfied.

Language is a medium of expression for the ideas—Isn't that all its purpose?—

New ideas, new language—That is the live river.

Whether seeing the clear water you drink from it,

Or bathe in it treating it as a sacred spot,

Or just wash your feet seeing the water red and muddy,

— Or would sit on the bank alone,

— Or rather would swim in the depths,

— Or would dive for the Gems,

— Or fearing the Crocodiles

Would not even approach it, —
I don't know, it is up to you.
Eternal language never rots.

The worthy remains
And the unworthy, perishes.
Time does the job. —
Then, why should we
Unnecessarily bother?

I

I sang a song and I played a game,

But —

Protesting that there is no meaning either to
the song or the game,

Various people were furious and in hysterics.

Why that fury, why that heat?

Is all this commotion just for a game?

Should they all be so furious

Just because of a song? —

Ah! Me! — Enough,

Enough with this row! —

Play, play, play all the games,

Sing, sing, all the songs,

Breathe, breathe, the fresh air.

See —

Your madness — that is yours

And my madness — well, that is mine;

Why should I bother about you?

And, Why should you bother about me?

Should we grind the axe the few days we live!
If you shut the eyes, it is a moment's duration.

After that what is in store? —
Heaven or Hell? —
He alone knows;
— How do we know?

II

Blossoms! blossoms! — blossoms Mam,
Blossoms!

Blossoms of Gulab, blossoms of Gulshab,
Blossoms of Chamanti, blossoms of Sampangi
Blossoms of Malle, blossoms of Molla,
Blossoms from Kashmere and blossoms of
Kanakambara;

Blossoms of various hues,
Blossoms of a great variety; —

There is a blossom for a pie and there is a
blossom for a pound;

—Which do you want? —
How many do you want? —

Why don't you ask, — why don't you ask?
If you really want, why should you hesitate? —
Is it wrong to ask? —
Is it wrong to want? —
Why be shy? —
Tell me my Dear!

Don't hide it in hypocrisy — It is no good.

Or, perhaps —

Do you want it free? —

Then take it free!

Why would just that dry me up?

— And even were it so, would that burn me to
cinders?

— And even so, would I disappear!

III

In the four corners dark shapes gather;
— And the afflicted howl the tunes of agony;
 In the heart, there is the throb,
 In the brain, there is the smouldering fire,
— Drops of blood, splashes of beautifying red-paste !

Seeing that, the dazzling sun becomes nervous,
And seeing that, the bright moon becomes pale —
Thousand and one cannons explode their boom,
And the gun powder fires away its flashes;

The poison gases blow
Tongues of Heart's fire
That is akin to the Fire of
World's day of Destruction !

There is the raging wild fire in the tear-drops,
 and it is down in the bowels too;
In the earth there is rumbling,
 and there is rumbling in the clouds too !

Then —

Must there be trumpets in the midst of songs ?
And should there be day-dreaming in the beds
of fantasy ?

No, neither songs, nor words —

— Energy, peace, — Energy, Peace.
May the evil subside !

IV

Hey ! Listen, did you hear anything ?

And have you seen really what you have heard ?

In between the tides of time,

Amidst the ravines of mountains,

She called out in a whisper,

She looked so soft, —

Why that call ?

Why that look ? —

I am the suffocated Wild Foul that

Jumps about in confusion,

Blindfolded in the pitch dark of the prison;

What can I hear !

What can I see ! —

Can't you at least hear ?

Can't you at least see ?

— It seems it is a sweet voice,

It seems it is a beautiful look !

— I somehow heard it as someone spoke.

— Is it true, Is it true ?

I do want the truth so much !

Arsenic in milk,
Poison in butter
Is mixed and forced down the throat !
That is the strength of the pen
— and that is one.

Beyond the mountain,
climbing the firmament,
Deeper than the well
penetrating the depth,
Viewing the horizon and
going beyond,
Expanding time and extending space,
The thought soars — and
that is another one

On the coolness of moon-light,
In the melting juice,~
Sprinkling the honey from
the Small-flowers,
It spreads the fragrance
Of the Jasmine blossom

On the multi-coloured and strangely coloured tops
that proudly rotate —

That is the art of music — and
that is another one.

When these three
Combine so,
What will happen !

— Poetry ? — Light ? — or Tears ? —

VI

Lord of the lords ! At day-break
the horizon all around us
surely broadcasts to us that you are
the friend of the friendless
and the miserable low :—

— And you are the monarch,
The dictating Power, who
rules that all the spheres
which revolve in sonorous
rhythm, like so many tops,
shall not go out of the
orbit nor shall they be broken ! —

That is that —

But, this is this :—

In small huts,
in torn rags, with no food to eat
and with weak veins,
the lean dilapidated
lives' jumpy symphony,
Oh ! Lord !
Disturbs with cruel torches

the prayer of thankfulness
that rings in the regions of the Universe :—
— Oh! God, how can we understand,
We, Oh ! God, the down-trodden beggars !—
— Why shouldn't you cast your celestial
benevolence that has sprinkled the cool
Light of the beautiful moon in
the dark of the night for us
on the queen's apartments which
are being submerged in the Queen's tears,
tears that can melt even stones ?—

Oh ! Power of Love — here is love,
Oh! Omnipotence — here are our
obeisances —

—We don't know, we don't know !

Where is the knowledge, — where is the
knowledge ? —

You alone are our refuge,
You alone are our refuge.

VII

In cold water is our bath,
The cold rice-water is our food,
The hard ground is our bed —

And our huts are our castles.

We plough the fields,
We sow the seeds,
We cut the crop —

And the daily wage is our income of millions.

We tie a small piece of cloth,
We tie a small Saree,
We get dirty in the dust —

And the tears and the stains are our beautiful
ornaments.

The shelter of the hay-stacks,
The crude mat on the watch-man's seat
The Mango grove —

These are our rendezvous and places of amusement

Ours are the simple thoughts,
Ours are the simple words,
Ours are the simple deeds,

Well, we are the simple folk and the poor too.

— And may you the great people
Gather together;
And if you gather together all the great
thoughts,
And utter great words,
And perform great tasks,
And bring down the heaven,

We will salute you — and may you not take us to
task !

— But we want our own huts,
We want our own rice-water,
We want our own clothes,
We want our own places,
We want our own wages,
We want our own freedom —
But please don't destroy even the little we
have.

We need not have the castles in the air,
neither do we need the food of the lords,

We do not want clothes in silk,
neither do we demand the higher learning.

This is enough —

We had worked hard and
had suffered, and we shall
continue to work hard and perhaps
shall continue to suffer; —

But please put a stop there !

— If we jump high and destroy even our humble
props, — What is it to you Sires ? — It is only
to our cost ! —

VIII

Then —

She was the dynamic personality ascending
the rungs of the ladder of eternal freedom;

And, fed by the consciousness of great beauty,
she was the proud person;

And she was the spirit of brilliant growth of
mature youth's flesh; —

And she played with the ripples in the stream
of joy;

She flashed her brilliance
brighter than lightning;

She roused the effervescence
of storms in the hearts;

and she played and laughed
in the beds of flowers;

In day — dreams she screamed with joy;

And she sprinkled drops of smiles;

And in overpowering ecstasy
she became giddy.

Now —

She is fallen in the
fearful abyss of the subterranean prison;
and having lost her beauty she has become
so ugly;

And in intolerable old age
all her limbs have rotted;

And —

In the midst of the ocean of sorrow,
to the tunes of war-drums,
she faltered and fell.

Drowned in darkness, she went to pieces;
She scorched up the human mind;
She knelt on the bed of thorns;
And unable to bear the agony, she wept aloud;
And she shed torrents of tears.

— She was so tired that she completely
broke down.

Where was that ! — sweetened milk !

Where is this — Poison !

— What; — What !

Who knows ! —

IX

Milk-Maid !
Give me Butter-Milk.

I will drink and go,
I will go and come back;
Returning I will see you;
Again I will go,
Then again, you —

Enough my maid, enough my maid !
— Why should you shed tears ? —
Listen, listen — Wha-a-t is th-i-s ? — No, no !

Stop crying — stop crying;
Otherwise, if all the women
In the town hear,
Will it be all right, what,
will it be all right ? —

— But, what is this, — What is this ?
It has developed into a cyclone !
Even in my heart there is a rumbling ! —
My crazy girl, won't you listen ?
What will happen in a short while ?

Will a tiger or a ghost or a god
Frighten
And devour me ? —

What if — if it is distance ?
Where is distance to the heart ?
By the time spring returns next,
I will somehow return — I swear.
I will return in a year,
I will bring ever so many things : —
Oh ! Lord ! All the stars are gazing,
All sides of the horizon have turned pale ;
There is a roar in the air, —
The whole of the earth is shaking —
— Pray, what this is, why do you cry so much ?
How can I move ?
— My Love-charm ! just one word,

If I am alive
I will surely come — it is true ;
If it is not so —
— Not that ! Not that — Oh ! Lord !
I cannot bear to hear —

— No, nothing will happen,
— Just in case — just in case —
 that is all — that is all —

Won't you listen to me ? — What have I said?

— Yes! Yes ! Yes ! — I remember now
Because of the turmoil it disappeared —

On the Himalayas, the abode of snow,
You sing away pleasantly,

And shine as the brilliant queen !

What is wanting in your scheme of things,
You have all the things eternally !

If I am not there, will there be a void ?

— Alas, alas, have I unnecessarily
Offended you ? — Please forgive me.

I know the bottom of your heart
which you have suddenly opened with your
clear bright eyes;

I am blessed, am truly blessed;

I am your slave, am truly your slave.—

I will say the last word,

Please take it easy and listen,

— If, by chance, anything happens,

If the life does not stick to the body —

Stop that, please stop that,
— If the life leaves the body and flies,
By the time the spring returns,

In the coo of the cuckoo,
In the bloom of the blossom,
I will dissolve and return;
Melting in the breeze,
Mixing in your breath,
I will become one with you;

Then alone the real union will take place !

— Even though you say “yes”
— Is there no approval ?
— You want it as it is ? —

When you ask me not to go, and go on crying,
I cannot do anything — what can I do !

As I try to leave you, all the blood in me
Is heated and boils in effervescence,
And hisses and burns me up.

— Even then, it is Fate — Is there no such
thing as Fate ? •

May be the force of Time — Is there no time
even ?

— Perhaps I have to go away because of you;
— You don't want it! — Are you so
desperate?

Not so desperate — No —

If by that you land in trouble you cannot
withstand it;

You are weak — you have no strength.

Alas, there is no other go! —

Shall I say goodbye? —

Oh! Queen of my Life — !

Goodbye! —

X

Born this moment, dead the next,
that is the life of the insect.

— All its experiences and all its efforts
Are for the duration of that moment only —
Then only is its love's story — and its love's agony
too;

Then only are its heart-aches — its curses too,
— And the ripples of its tears,

And the rain-drops of its smiles as well —
— That is the harvest of the life of a hundred
years ! —

One blaze —

One extinction ! —

In a twinkle all must go to pieces:

Why that life, and why that death ? —

If that life were not there,

would the whole Universe have gone to pieces ? —

Would there have been any sort of a void in it ? —

Fate-Writing on the wall —

commotion and Blank.—

But, one word —

Even one flicker of light is light all the same ! —

Even were it not so, — even if it were absolutely
useless —

What harm is there? —

Another word — Should there be only light? —

Why shouldn't there be darkness? —

XI

Crumpled and dried up
are the precepts given to us by Manu !

Boiled and scorched
are those philosophies uttered by the Saints !

Loose and disintegrated
are the old customs that were respected in ancient
times !

Dried and broken up
are the great thoughts that were thought in the
days of the ancestors !

— The soaking, torn, old rags ! — Must they be
worn ?

The perishing, dilapidated bodies ! —
Should we move in them alone ?

— As unable to bathe in the greenish, stinking,
stale water of the sacred pond,

The pilgrims moved on beyond the countries
and the continents, bathing in the pure waters
of the ever fresh perennial rivers,
Why should you
Remonstrate,

treating it as an
unholy act?—

What the Great-Grand-Father had done
the Grand-Father had refused to do;
And what the Grand-Father had done
Even the Father has not done;
And what the Father has done
the son too has refused to do;
And why would the Grand-Son do
what the son has done ?

— Yesterday is not Today,
And Today is not Tomorrow —
The flow of time flows on in floods;
Can the little man who jumps about in petty
thoughts
and acts, block its flow? —

To the shore of each river !
To the Sun-shade on each hot day !
— That's all, — that's all —
Where is the power to go beyond ? —

XII

Holding the rags he crossed
the perennial rivers,

And, surprisingly moved on without
even bathing in them !

Is it that the rags would get wet ?

Should not the dirt of the body be cleansed ?
— The mad Fool !

Together with a beautiful Star on an ocean-going
Yacht, he moved from strange shore to shore;
But he would not see the developing storm !

— The blind Idiot !

To gather flowers, the coy flirt entered
the bush and started plucking them;

But as the snake from
the hole hissed at her,

She ran away with her trailing Saree
and an unfastened blouse;

— The timid woman !

To such mad

And blind

And timid

Scare-crows

Hail ! Hail !

XIII

Suicide, suicide — the suicide
of the lifeless play — doll !

Come, come, bring burning coal;
But go, go away, if you cannot
withstand the fires.

Forming a cavity in the eye with the hand,
And boring a hole in the stomach with the leg,
Bringing out all the intestines,
And breaking up all the bones
It danced in its own agony —

It's a play-doll,

It's purely a clay-doll,

It's a flour-doll,

It's a snow-doll,

It's an air-doll, —

It's an invitation to its suicide —

Tap — Rap, Tap — rap !

Blow, bugles, blow bugles !

And the acceptance to the invitation is to throw
a couple of stones — Yes — to through unhesi-
tatingly —

When it is committing suicide,
Why hesitate !
There is joy in suicide;
There is glee in dying;
In the kindling of the blood,
In the burning of the tears,
In the knocking of the heart,
Suicide
Merrily
Played.—

When, unable to live; burnt, boiled and scorched,
in the restlessness of a wretched life, where one
cannot die even when one so wants to die,

It commits suicide,
Everybody should approve !

On the contrary, if fools call that cowardice,
Aren't they verily the useless
wind-bags that are frightened of death ?

— Suicide, — suicide, — to everyone suicide —
Suicide is the last act
of the life-less play-doll.

XIV

Amidst the gentle breezes
that were so coolly blown
by the Zephyr, ignited in the crevices of the blouse
and scorched in the wild-fires of new thoughts
and songs, the Queen has become lean and
withered —

So came the messages over wind and rain from over
there —

And having heard it he could not bear to hear it.

What a peculiar pain !

The Queen of the harem,
The Weeping Voice of Melody,
Sends the showers of the soul
With a throbbing heart —
And, without quenching the thirst
As it aggravated it,
He felt topsy-turvy-Tweedledum-Dee !
Somehow from those regions
As the Queen had thrown a kiss,
he caught it and played the games
In the immortal worlds.

Is all that joy just for that !

Is all that fatigue just for that !

The fire drops of tears

The dances of smiles

Are the mixture of ingredients of a strange
new chow-chow. —

There alone you get

The wedding of the sun-shine and the rain,

The melody of the cuckoo and the crow,

The bitter-sweet candy —

Why that sweetness !

Why that bitterness !

Why this cataclysm of so many
disturbing storms of the soul !

XV

The Prince Sidhardha could not bear to see the
miseries,

And he let the torrents of kindness flow over the
fires of cruelty.

— The darkness of ignorance and
the brilliance of joyous wisdom ! —

The Lord Budha renounced the society and
moved on to new worlds in search of truth;

Nirvana, the fullest extinction,
Is his eternal life.

Without saying 'No', he subtly showed
the eternal 'Yes' in new lights and allured.

— The War-drum broadcast
Of the Sage of Silence ! —

In countries beyond countries
That Lord's silence

Had melted the hearts

And kindled the flames of brilliance ! —
That Soul had destroyed all cruelty —

Yes, he is truly blessed — Yes,
— he is a God !

Congratulations — obeisances.

But

Poor

Yasodhara ! —

As country after country
shone in celestial lights,

She was reduced to a non-entity
in the profound darkness of her own heart.

Happiness to them —

To her, agony —

To them satisfaction ! —

To her, nothing ! —

In the full attainment of the whole world

Yesodhara's lot is the endless grief and
separation.

— Her world is hers,

And their world is theirs.

XVI

In pitch dark
Valleys and tunnels,
He listened to the deceitful woman's words,
And put out the only light.

— Wails in darkness,
Whispers in tunnels,
Thoughts in sleep ! —
Drowsy in being awake,
Seeing with the eye shut,
HE lived away.—

On the mountain
There is the moaning wind;
In the clouds
There is the roar;
In the forest
There is the wild-fire; —
Not noticing these
He sang away.

Without opening the eyes
And seeing the disturbances

And consequently suffering,
He shut his eyes
And talked in sleep,
And spent his time
In dreams.

XVII

Bravest of the brave,
For thousands of generations
 We rattled our swords
 Amidst the armies of the foe,
 And offered up blood,
 And dispersed the hordes,
And strove to ward off slavery from the country;
 — We were the heroes of those days ! —
Protecting the purity of the family
 By protecting their own Honour,
 Our brave women
 Offered up themselves
 In no time
 To the fires and the swords,
And lit the country in celestial flames of brilliance.
 — The women of those days ! —
Our strength of arms has protected our countries,
Our enthusiasm for arts has nurtured our arts,
Our power of the brain has created our literatures.
 Commerce and agriculture,
 Cattle and labourers,

Women and children
All, — All, —

Received our protection, and received our services.
— Such people it seems are now to be doomed !
Those lights it seems are now to be put out !

Time ! — Time ! —

When the begging beggars,
The nincompoops and the dummies,
The run-away cowards,
Mix the swords with pens,
And utter Mantras
In words,
And become rulers and rule,
Gratitude,
Ability,
And truth,
Bid Good-bye.

XVIII

It is the return of the Spring,
It is the Festival of the Spring, the Lord
of life has returned joyous with bursting smiles !
It seems there is great love,
And it seems there is great hope !

On this very auspicious day,
resplendent with the splendour of the hearts,
and drunk with the effervescent enthusiasm,
Won't we paint the colours
In the midst of the festival
Of joy and the showers of Nectar !
At last separation has left us,
And at last the sighs have been
flooded out by tears of joy ! —

Seeing the Lord of life is the divinest joy ! —
The heart that is molten with tears and wild-fires,
And the body that is dried up, have suddenly
burst into bloom.

—We must dance, yes, we must dance again—

The welcome of the fragrance of the heart !
The reception of the moonlight of embrace !
The music of love-talk !

And the cataclysm of over-powering bliss !—
All this is the first offering on the return of the
Lord of self.

Verily our kiss is the thunder, and our union
is the lightning,

And as the flood, our love has overflowed in a
downpour,

There we get, the flowers of laughter in the advent
of the new rain.—

Great rejoicing — now — now —
The past and the future have disappeared in the
present;

Time has lost itself in it,
Limits have been broken to pieces,
The very conception of space has evaporated.

The Great Annihilation, the Eternal Life,
The permanence in the Real Worlds —
In the Oneness of the Twofold
The drink of the nectar of joy !

XIX

He held the pen,
And soared in spirit,
And brushed aside all the extinguished straw-lighters;
He girdled up his loins,
And with strength,
Broke to pieces all the juiceless dry-sticks;
He jumped,
Flew away,
And put out all the false Will-O'-the Wisps.
— Seeing him do all this
The gods nod approval,
And their Queens throw flowers,
And heavenly music is broadcast;
— But,
Out of hidden jealousy
— Or,
Because of an ignorant brain
— I don't know —
All the worms that swell the earth
Are not able to bear him — and they mock it seems,
— so I hear.

XX

Have you offered the camphor-Fire to the Great Queen, and

in the light of the camphor-Fire
have you consumed the glitter of those eyes
and got yourselves blessed ?—

Or — Amidst drowsiness have you completely
forgotten your own existence ?—

Or — Have you offered the welcome

By showing her due courtesy

And giving her water to drink

And water to wash her feet with?—

— Feet — they are the flowers;

Hands — they are the lotusses !—

And if her beautiful face which is gloriously
resplendent with a divine halo is to be compared
with the moon,

won't the hearts be hurt and the wise laugh ?

— That Queen

Who floats on celestial worlds

Has a mind to roam over new worlds.

And forgetting to know

Whether they are strange paths or proper paths,

And ignoring everything in the only true present,

And not probing into the future or the past,

And not entangling herself in mad thoughts,

And not caring for death or life,

And not going anywhere near the conceptions of heaven and hell,

She has come to this world to spend her time lightly,

Freely, fully and pleasantly,

Playing, singing and dissolving.

A little respect,

A little love,

For a little while : —

After that that Queen would go —

That is all —

Then, forget all about it,

Divert those very thoughts.

— A short story — a short listening 'yes' ! —

— No commotion, please, — and no cries of
nightmare —

— All that is unnecessary.

XXI

The pen and the sword!

— The Beheading.

The kingdom and the gift!

— The Beggar's bowl.

The truth and the love!

— The disappointment.

In the camp of brilliant flares

There is the moping-chamber of darkness.

The full joy that climbed

The stairs of thought in freedom,

Faded and offered obeisances

to the unbearable slavery of utter untruth—

— Then — now —

Honey — poison —

Sweet — bitter —

Life — death —

Oh ! — Ah ! — I know, I know,

Light — darkness —

— True !

— Then again .

Darkness and light ! — Well how to know !

How can such darkness disappear ? —

Ugh ! — Why these strange baths

in the mirages of silly thoughts ! —

The wheel of time rolls on —

It has no relationship whatsoever with
mercy ! —

— Well, if you really see it,

Justice is unnecessary to the flow of the river of
time;

Not only that —

What is the place of the worm-like men
in the effervescent bubbles of the ocean of
Universe !

XXII

Bang, bang, the crackers go,
They ignite slowly and they flare up;
Hell of a noise in the pot,
Like the slaps of cannons;
But if they be wetted, well, it's a stop;
That is the magic of crackers.

The small fire-works, they are the odd lot,
Helter, skelter they spread
And scatter away

All people that come in the way;
Terrible anger and terrible, reckless, bravery;
Theirs is the bite of the red-ant.

The bomb-like cartridges, it is full of vigour,
One momentum, one punch,
Recklessness and brutality;
It is the explosion of the cannon.
Rockets and stuffed Wood-Apples
Fight on the high way of the stars,

And to court a fight with the stars
They challenge and create a confusion;
Well, it is incorrigible.

The fire-flower-sticks,
Big and small,
The flare-up-matches,
And the stuffed fire-pots,
Flutter, flare up and blow up
And scatter light and weave strange patterns,
And subside coolly.

Tut-tut, the fire-Frog-Leaps say,
Twit, Twit, the wee fire-balls say,
And making a slight noise,
they exchange news.

In this commotion, with a terrific bang,
A heavy bomb-like cracker explodes,
And suddenly rocks the world,
And scatters all the stars in the sky,
frightening the whole universe.—

The Glorious night of the Festival of Lights,
And the new Fire-Works !—

The smoke of sulphur, the smell of
potassium — !

To some it is fun !—

To others it is life-repelling !

XXIII

Him the brainless man

I will teach wisdom;

In me, the ignorant, will someone
instill knowledge ?

Where is he ? I am waiting for him,
Where is he ?

I can slap hard and rouse

The impotent nincompoops;

And where is that power

That can slap me, who am none too able ?

I have to see, yes, I have still to see !

Extreme arrogance

put the arm round the shoulder

And became one with ulter humility,

The overflowing power } Famous

The burning impotence } For these two

Is the entity in me.

Such an entity as this

Is being played upon

By a different and unseen entity.

That alone is the Entity —

And the Power too.

XXIV

It is the time of the day-break,

There is the lullaby of the cool breezes,

And in sleep there is the garland

of the pleasures of being alone ! —

Don't wake him up, please don't wake him up,

Let him sleep.

See, happily

He has forgotten everything; —

What if, if it's late in the morning ?

Why be in a hurry ?

— He will get up, surely he will —

How can he but get up ?

— It is really well if he doesn't,

No miseries can approach him —

Just a little while,

Then he will get up,

Then the knocks of pressure and pains !

Again he will be stewed in agony

And will kick his legs in the air

unable to stand the heat, —

If you face the truth,
there is nothing that he should really do.
Neither anything that you should do,
Nor anything that I should do,
Nor anything that anybody should do.

Mere hubhub,
Mere haste,
It is all unnecessary —
Instead of enjoying the bliss
In the blissful slumber,
Why should one wake up
And get smothered
Amidst rising nautia ? —
— Well, the Sun, the Moon,
the stars and the breezes,
Do not change a bit because of our jumps !

XXV

Knowing that time is slipping by,
She left all the troubles to themselves.
And forgetting everything
In the living present,
Away in pleasures,
With brimming pleasantries on the bed of flowers,
With ever new lovers,
Amidst the messages of kisses
And the harbour of embraces,
In a continuous process of mellowed excitement,
and dissolving and getting intoxicated in the arts
of love,
And drinking wine,
She lived her life in pleasures.

Well, why shouldn't one extract happiness,
Out of a life of misery ?
The pleasures of the body are just as real ?
What is wrong
In extracting then fully !—
Instead of getting upset in scorching agonies,
Why should not one in high spirits,

dance madly round a beautiful light that is lit on
an island

that is afloat in the midst of a roaring ocean ? —

What is wrong ! —

— Should one die in the ocean alone ? —

What's wrong in playing a bit on the shore ?

— Everyone must lookafter oneself ! —

— The joy of one's own self ! —

Happiness to her — for the time being —

that's all — enough.

XXVI

Oh ! Why have so many of you come this way ?

Oh ! — Have you come to congratulate me on my
birthday ?

Well, you are scattering joy in wee smiles !

— It is not right, it's wrong —

Must you tear me open like this with these sword-thrusts ?

Must you remind me again of that miserable day ?

— Why that laugh ? — Is that mocking ? —

If you show me sympathy

Dissolving in tears,

I will be pleased.

This is not the birth-day, this is the day I was
dead;

I was the great Being who had freedom,

I was the joyous soul with no obstacles ;

Well, on that particular twelfth-day of the month

— This is the news that is more than thirty years
old —

Well, On that particular day,

I said goodbye to freedom and bade farewell
to happiness,

And slipped and fell against my wishes and in
great pain

Into the newsense of this painful, imperfect,
rotten and insignificant body,

Jumping in suffocation,

And crying aloud and creating a row —

Isn't that the death to the free being ! —

— Laughter that day and laughter to-day too ! —

Now I know

That even this is cause for mirth !

As the demon that drinks blood roars with
laughter,

How can the feeble cry of the dying baby be
heard ? —

Men have no ears, neither eyes,

nor brains, nor even hearts ! —

— Forgive me, listen, I will quickly tell you;

The day on which my agonies started.

Was the beginning of this purposeless life;

The beginning, on that day, of this tragic drama

Was my first tribute of bondage to all these cruel
institutions.

Does that give you pleasure ?

— Enough, enough, you can go back,

— But one word, don't be angry,

When I have left this body,

When you have received the message that I am
dead,

When you have felt that the earth has lost some
of its burden,

When you have heard that flames have subsided,
Then, immediately,

Dancing with joy —

You should come without fail —

That day alone will be my real birth-day.

XXVII

Midnight, the Grave,

 We stretched our hands for the moon;

 It was New-Moon —

Moonlight, brightness,

 Unable to stand the light, we shut the doors;

 It was Full-Moon —

Clouds, the romantic gurgle,

 We wanted the heat of the sun;

 It was the rainy-season —

Heat, the scorches,

 We jumped about unable to bear the heat;

 It was Summer —

No peace, but abundance of the

 discomfort of the heat in the body;

Always change — No stability !

‘No’, to what we have, —

Clamour for what we don’t have —

 Destructive Nothing, Utter Nonsense,

— Thirst, thirst, thirst, more thirst —

Our destination ? — perhaps —

— Is the Great Mirage ! —

XXVIII

The celestial river that is aglow
With overflowing and radiating love ! —
The Forest-Fire that thrives
On flames of cruelty that crumple under foot
and destroy ! —

The calm, brave, person
Who loses even his life
in the midst of the massacre of the enemy ! —

The mine of cowardice
That runs away in fright on hearing the
creak of the lizard ! —

Great Beauty; Great Power;
Great Intellect,
Utter Ugliness, Utter Impotence,
Utter Stupidity, — !

No. }
Yes, } Both,

All —————

All these are harmonised in one human personality.

One personality — a number of qualities;
One body — a number of shapes;
Blessed — cursed, — the duels
Between the Gods and the Devils !

XXIX

Turning into a painter, I painted a painting;
I gave it colour

And started enthusing over it;

All of a sudden the painting was torn
and it went to pieces !

In marble I carved a beautiful woman;

I gave it life

And started flirting with it;

All of a sudden the statue was broken
and was reduced to dust !

— Isn't that a heart-ache !

If the kitten that has been reared on milk grows up
and turning into a tiger, attacks us with a
roar,

And if the carefully looked after butter-fly

Turns into a cobra

And raises its hood hissing,

Is it not the burning of the heart !

— However much one may counsel peace
by repeating 'peace', 'peace',
How can one really get peace !—
Well, it is easy to counsel

But when once one experiences—then one has to
show !—

XXX

The Universe — the broad Universe —
the endless Universe —

My Universe — !

In that Universe there is the universal music,
the universal joy, the universal message,

My thrills of the Universe !

My travels of the Universe !

My dance of the Universe !

All of a sudden there is the coma — !

I expanded, and expanded

And expanded;

The trees, the rivers, the mountains,
The oceans, the sky and the stars,

All these I have become and
going beyond all these,

I have become something else.

I have forgotten the old feelings;

The petty thoughts went to pieces;

I soared in new feelings,

And big thoughts multiplied themselves;

And everything that is called 'mine'
disappeared.

I, my house, my town, my province, my country,
my continent, my world, all these
dissolved in my universe —

All is I, I am all — !

— The mixture of pulses and millets,
the mixture of milk and water — !
There is no death, no annihilation,
No time either, nor commotion !

— Thought of the essence, knowledge of the
Essence !

Whether it is the proximity to the Great
Person of the Universe,

Or it is the union with the Great Person
of the Universe,

It is nevertheless joy;

The experience of the Essential joy

In the splendour of the Universe — !

It is to be only experienced !

XXXI

Renunciation, the casting away of all
that is worldly: that is renunciation —

— Good !

The donning of the saffron robes,
the living in the forest,
the sacrificing of all pleasures,
things and human beings: that is renunciation —

— Yes !

It is hard — it may be good !

But,

When floating
In the baths of rose-water,
In the midst of the garlands of flowers,
In the robes of silk,
In the midst of music and dance,
And on the cheeks of the damsels,
The strength of his mind

Gracefully

Does the renunciation of the heart ! —
Is it not wonderful !

Yeah ! — !

XXXII

The Traveller of the Sky — Ho — Ho — ho —
ho — ho — ! —

The Dweller of the Earth — Where do you go, and
what do you do ?

T. S. — Ho, Ho, — Ho, Ho, Ho ! —

D. E. — Where do you go, do you listen ?

T. S. — Ha, Ha, Ha Ha Ha !

D. E. — Aren't your words and songs understand-
able ?

T. S. — Hu Hu, Hu Hu Hu !

D. E. — You say Ho, Ha, Hu, Haa —

If you understand and listen to our words,
speak our words alone !

T. S. — Hu, Hoo, Hu, Hoo !

D. E. — Do you see strange new worlds and strange
new things in strange new stars ?

T. S. — Ha, Ha !

D. E. — Do you get scorched in the worlds of
Suns, and do you die in the worlds of
Moons ?

T. S. — He, He !

D. E. — Is there a different sort of life on each different planet ?

Are there different feelings? Are there different conceptions of right and wrong ? — And are there different duties and perhaps different results too ?

T. S. — Hee, Hee !

D.E. — Are there, here and there, strange sorts of human beings, strange sorts of beasts, strange sorts of worms and strange sorts of flowers ?

T. S. — Ho !

D. E. — Are there things too that are none of these ?

T. S. — Ha !

D. E. — In or on those stars do different times, different spaces, different dimensions, different shapes and things that resemble and do not resemble, and things that can be imagined and things that cannot be imagined, exist now and then?

T. S. — Hey, Hey !

D. E. — Are there novel words and novel powers too ?

T. S. — He !

D. E. — How does one feel when one sees and hears all these things ?

T. S. — Hi, Hi, Hee !

D. E. — Please listen to my last word. Where is the new endless world, where miseries are absent and happiness thrives ?

— Do you anywhere see with your own eyes, face to face, that Divine Power which is termed as God ?

T. S. — (Silence).

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